A moſt delicate, pleaſant, amorous, new Song, made by a Gentleman that enioyes his Loue, ſhewing the worth and happineſſe of Content, and the effects of loue, called, *All Louers Ioy.*

To the tune of *New Paradiſe.*

SIng, O ſing, the day is cleare.
Sad miſfortunes are eſtranged,
Kinder Planets rule the Sphеare,
what was ill, to good is changed:
My more froward hаps remoue,
And I now liue where I loue.

No more ioy to man can happen,
then a creature ſo diuine,
As my loue, Each part is ſhapen
like to Venus in her prime,
No delight ſo true doth proue,
As the ſweet contents of loue.

Cynthya, when ſhe kiſt Endimion,
vpon towering Latmos mount,
By each free and wiſe opinion,
was not of ſo deare account.
In no age was knowne to moue,
Fairer then my fairеſt Loue.

Hellen in thoſe wrinckled dayes,
was accounted beauties mirrour,
My ſweet Ladies glиtering rayes,
now approue that Ages errour.
Hellen far her ſelfe's aboue,
Neuer liu'd a fairer Loue.

Had Paris, when from Troy he parted,
ſeene in Ida my rich Fleece,
Spartas Queene had not departed,
neither her true Lord nor Greece.
Paris ne're had croſt the flood,
To this day faire Troy had ſtood.

Jaſon left his native Greece,
and vnto Cholchis toplng went,
At his returne, his Golden Fleece
equal'd not this ornament:
Ancient Authors doe approue
Mine the Queene of cruеſt loue.

A moſt delicate, pleaſant, amorous, new Song, made by a Gentleman that enioyes his Loue, ſhewing the worth and happineſſe of Content, and the effects of loue, called, *All Louers Ioy.*

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Mine the Queene of cruеſt loue.

The Second Part. To the ſame Tune.

PRincely Theſeus never knew,
nor the wandring Prince of Troy,
A beauty ſo diuine and true,
all their times could not enioy.
All their fortunes mine is aboue,
To enioy ſo true a Loue.

Happier I then tongue can vtter,
to poſſeſſe ſo faire a Faire,
Euery ſenſe for ioy doth mutter,
to my ioyes none can compare:
Sweeter pleaſures cannot moue,
Then to liue where one doth loue.

Powerfull loue, the worlds knight Mar-
I will ſacrifice to thee, (ſhall,
My true honours ſhall be vnpartiall,
that thou ſhalt receiue from me.
All the gods thou art aboue,
Let me ſtill liue where I loue.

None doth win a happier prize
then content (in mine opinion)
All the cenſurers of the wiſe,
grant it is the beſt dominion:
For the wiſeſt doth approue,
Kings can but liue where they loue.

Silly Swaines that pipe on bankes,
(turn'd poore Shepheards for their
Giue to loue as many thankes, (liuing
as in Court great Lords are giuing.
Truſt, content doth euer moue,
In that place where reſteth loue.

Strangeſt god of Homers number,
I will euer ther adore,
Thou art onely earths great wonder
Cupid, I thy aide implore.
As to ſerue thee ſtil I ſtroue,
Grant me ſtill life where I loue.

Pleaſure now ſuch ſcope poſſeſſeth,
all my ioy is in the prime,
No ſad thought my mind oppreſſeth,
comfort is ſo truely mine.
All delights doe in me moue,
Becauſe I liue where I loue.

Come, O come and ſing with me,
at my Feaſts and Banquetings
Louers all, that ſpeeders be,
come reioyce like petty kings:
All our ſongs ſhall ſtill approue,
All content doth liue with loue. *Finis.*

Printed at London for H. G.